



VOL. II.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1871.

NO. 5.

## FACTS ABOUT EAST TENNESSEE.

## General Items.

NO. XVIII.

We gave last week some items about the iron interests of East Tennessee. In addition to the facts stated in that article, we have one or two items to present. There is perhaps no section of the Union where there are so many varieties of iron ore found in such abundance. In Carter county a furnace, connected with the foundry of Clark, Quafe & Co., of this city, makes an iron peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of car wheels. It is made of the magnetic ore, yields a large per cent., and the product is a hard, tough iron, used with great success in the making of car wheels.

An establishment lately started in Washington county makes iron used very successfully for all foundry purposes. The iron in Greene, the adjoining county, is of a fine quality of spiegelisen, used as a re-carbonizer, in the Bessemer steel process. These varieties of the iron ore are all found in great abundance in their respective localities. We do not believe that iron can be made cheaper anywhere than in East Tennessee. The iron ore itself, the coal, the charcoal, provisions and labor are all cheaper here than most other places, and we see no reason why pig iron cannot be produced at as low a price here as anywhere.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

We have had repeated inquiries about lands for colonies. To any one feeling interested in such matters we direct their attention to the advertisement in another column of the Clerk and Master of this county, M. L. Patterson, who offers for sale a large tract of land in this county, and to the terms offered. Its situation and price we should think would make it a desirable location for a colony. The columns of our real estate agents containing a description of the lands they offer might likewise contain some tracts the situation and price of which would be favorable.

We have given, repeatedly, in our columns the testimony of our own people to the general attractions we present to immigrants, but we have received from a distinguished citizen of Ohio, now in Tennessee on business for a large estate, a letter so full of truths and at the same time so just a picture of our inducements, that we cannot resist the temptation to make it a part of this article. We know the author, know that he is entirely disinterested in his testimony, and that his large experience as a traveler and a man of shrewd and successful business acquirments, makes his evidence of peculiar force and significance. We give it just as received and commend it to our readers:

A Distinguished Traveler's Opinion of Tennessee.

IN CAMP, MONROE COUNTY, TENN., April 24, 1871.

EDITORS CHRONICLE: I have visited Middle and East Tennessee three times within a year, appropriating the most of my time, however, in Monroe and Polk counties. And while I do not intend to make any investments within the State on my own account, but while attending to the interests of others, I am surprised at the magnitude of the dormant resources of your great State. I know of no State in this Union (and I have travelled more or less in many of them) that surpasses it in all the elements requisite to make an empire. The general quality of its soil, suited to the production of every kind of grain, fruits and vegetables, its noble rivers and water courses, giving it commerce with the world and inexhaustible water power, its immense coal fields, ores of iron, copper, and undoubtedly, of gold and silver, its beds of marble and slate, the adaptation of its mountain power for raising sheep and cattle, its water power for reducing its ores to commercial form and the manufacture of its cotton and wool, with a scientific, practical improvement of its great rivers, that brings "glorious loom and anvil" together within your own commonwealth, altogether form elements which when actively developed and improved cannot fail to make your State one of the first in this Union. To accomplish this, however, will require the expenditure of much well directed labor and capital, guided by practical talent. The field is large, and in addition to your home wealth and intellect, may well invite foreign capital and enterprise (sure to be repaid) within your borders, to expedite the development of all your wonderful resources, and through these instrumentalities, make your State worthy of itself, in connection with the financial prosperity which would result to your citizens. Your solons would no doubt make wholesome and liberal provisions for the education of the masses, as well as to sustain academies and colleges, and thus enrich the mind as well as fill the purse.

## VERITAS.

DISFIGUREMENT.—The red blotches or dark purple spots and marks that are occasionally seen on human faces, and which horribly disfigure them, are the result of imperfect circulation in the child, and very easily remedied while the child is young, by an almost painless process of puncturing performed by physicians. Parents who allow their children to grow up burdened with such disfigurements deserve not only the severest censure, but actual punishment for the crime of omission of duty, which, in such cases is a crime indeed.

## Our Public School Fund.

MESSENGERS, EDITORS: In common with many of your readers, I would be glad to know the precise condition of the fund for our public schools.

I have been informed that influences are at work in favor of diverting a portion of this fund from its original method of disbursement.

My informant assures me that the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church are seeking to gain control of a certain proportion of the money raised by general taxation, to support a sectarian school which shall be controlled by their Priest and in agreement with their own peculiar religious views.

I would fain hope this information is incorrect, but the source from which it is derived leaves little ground for the indulgence of such hope.

Note the cool assumption of this effort. This city is overwhelmingly a Protestant city.

The Protestant population pay probably nine-tenths of the tax by which this school fund is created. This Protestant community regard and treat the Roman Catholics as fellow-citizens. They are willing in all things to give them an equal chance in the race of life with themselves. Civilly, socially and in business relations, they acknowledge them as peers and are willing to pay the tax that admits their children to the same privileges of common school education as their own.

One would think this fair and liberal enough. "Nay," say our Roman Catholic citizens or rather their Priest, acknowledging supreme allegiance not to the government that protects him, but to the Pope—"This is not enough; we must have part of your money to support a school whose principles shall be hostile to yours." This must be the force of the demand, for, if the principles they desire to have taught are consistent with the principles prevailing in this community, why attempt the uneconomical plan of supporting a separate school at all? I say then this demand is marked by cool assumption.

II. The scheme of dividing the funds for sectarian purposes is suicidal. If the Roman Catholic Priest may demand a part of the fund, so may each one of the Pastors of the several Protestant churches. They have just as much right to make this claim, and their principles are as dear to them as those of the Priest to him. Let their scheme then be carried out and you have no longer a common school fund at all. The city becomes but the creature of the denominations, to raise money for them to teach sectarianism. All the force of common school training to fuse the growing youth into generous sympathy and religious homogeneity is lost. Narrow systems of education prevail with all the exclusive bigotry that naturally results. Let the people of Knoxville be warned.

## THE RELATED TENDENCIES OF THIS MOVEMENT.

III. Should it succeed, it would be but the opening wedge for a series of aggressions, which, before long, would be aspiring to State aid for various institutions of the Roman Church.

In New York the working of this scheme is seen on a gigantic scale. Little by little the aggressive steps have gone on, until the entire system of public schools—almost the finest in the world—is tottering, and will soon be destroyed if the people in that State do not at once rise in their might. The Roman church has acquired property in the city of New York alone, as shown by the late census, to the value of fifty millions of dollars! A very large portion of this has been drawn from the Legislature, through the pliancy of politicians. And during this same time, the various charities of the same church have been largely supported by annual grants from the public treasury of the State and city. Do our people wish to have a repetition of this process in Tennessee—in Knoxville?

One of Very Many.

## FATHER FINNEGAN'S REPLY.

## Our Public Schools.

MESSENGERS, EDITORS: My attention has been directed to a communication which appeared in your issue of Sunday morning. In the spirit of fair play I would respectfully demand the insertion of the following:

If the Catholics of Knoxville are making an effort to secure for their children a portion of the school fund they are acting in accordance with the dictates of conscience, and they have a perfect right to do so. Would you compel us to support schools from which we derive no advantage? If the Catholics of Knoxville are taxed for school purposes, then those who impose the burden are justly bound to bestow the money, in ratio of children, on schools consistent with Catholic principles of education. We are not pleading for privileges or exemption, but for the common freedom of all. We willingly accord the same rights to every other class of citizens. We claim it for every sect and division of Presbyterians. We claim it for Baptists. We claim it for Episcopalians. We claim it for Jews. We claim it for parents that object to having any form or semblance of religion taught to their children. If several sects can agree among themselves, or can agree with the Infidels that want no religion, then let them agree to run their schools in

common. But if one parent objects to any given system of schooling, and prefers to have his children taught at home, he is entitled, if he ask for it, to his *pro rata* of all moneys raised for schooling purposes.

The demand for a school where the church of our forefathers will not be ridiculed is, forsooth! a demand "marked by cool assumption"! Have Catholics no consciences? Does your correspondent suppose that those who have endured famine and persecution, and have sought refuge on these free shores from the tyranny of a hostile government, will prove recreant to their principles, or cease in devotion to Mother Church? Have your common school, if you will; the Catholics of Knoxville have their own already. We mean also to support them, with or without city or State aid. We have done so, when we boasted of fewer and poorer members. Eradicate from your schools every vestige of religion, and then as the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York has well observed "you will make man stronger, intellectually, without making him stronger morally; you make him more dangerous to himself and more dangerous to the community." And what American is there with or without religion, who will not bow to the solemn judgment of the Father of our country, set forth so earnestly in his Farewell Address: "Of all disposition and habits," he says, "which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments in Courts of Justice. And let us, with caution, indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion."

"One of Very Many" refers to the city of New York—in his own way, does he weep over the destruction of the entire system of public schools, which he believes to be one of the events of the future! If these schools were founded on just and honest principles, if the history and reading books used in them were not sometimes at least caricatures on the oldest form of Christianity, your correspondent would not now, with grief, behold this school system standing on its last legs. Those men who are at the present time preparing a system of common schools for Knoxville, ought to learn a lesson from the past, and reflect calmly on what is taking place in New York and other large cities. I trust they will not in the beginning commit a mistake—that they will settle "this question distinctly and finally now," and let me add, what must have occurred to "One of Very Many," let them settle it for ever.

The writer would insinuate that all this trouble is put in motion by the Priest. Scarcely a word is said as to the humblest Catholics who are the most assiduous Ecclesiastical. The Priest, too, acknowledges supreme allegiance, not to the Government which protects him, but to the Pope! A base calumny, worthy of other days, and which possesses the same amount of truth as other charges, such as that Catholics worship images, and adore the Blessed Virgin. Catholics recognize in the Pope, the supreme, visible head of the Church, and believe he has been divinely appointed to feed the lambs, and to feed the sheep. The Pontiff is our head in spiritual but not in temporal matters, and I believe facts will prove that Catholics are as firm in their allegiance to the authorities that rule as the members of other denominations.

M. J. FINNEGAN.

## HOME NEWS.

## BONNET CARRE CREVASSE.

## Two Murders and Vigilant Policemen.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—A special from New Orleans at nine last night says: The Bonnet Carre crevasse is still extending, and twelve miles of the Jackson railroad have been washed away. The President and engineer of the road will set out to-night for the scene of disaster.

NEW ORLEANS, April 29.—The city surveyor reports that the river is falling, and the levees are all safe along the front of the city. The Bonnet Carre crevasse is now 1,200 feet wide. Otherwise there is no material change in the situation there. The water is within a half mile of Kennerly, on the north side, and also made its appearance in the low grounds on the east and south side.

10:30, p. m.—The engineer of the Bonnet sends the following dispatch: We have of necessity abandoned the idea of closing the crevasse, and are confining our efforts to checking its extension. I am satisfied our exertions in this direction will be successful, and the further spread of this dreadful calamity will be avoided. I have used our tug to assist some of the distressed planters to remove their household furniture. Two other crevasses, one at Point Monroie, west of Baton Rouge, and one on the McDonough estate, below the city, are reported.

NEW ORLEANS, May 1.—Several hundred persons excursioned to Bonnet Carre crevasse yesterday. The levee on either side is still giving way slowly, though unremittent labor is being made to stop further spread. The roar of the current at the break can be heard more than a mile.

Well informed planters estimate the loss of crop will exceed twenty thousand hogheads.

An affray occurred yesterday between Jules Viemet and Philip Lamaroux, in which the latter was shot and killed.

Later in the evening a difficulty occurred between two colored men, John Stevenson and Isaac Jackson, which resulted fatally. Jackson died. In fifteen minutes both murderers were arrested.

BOSTON, May 1.—The Allepa has arrived from Queenstown with the crew of the bark Merimac which she ran down in that harbor on the 20th, all of whom were supposed to be lost.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Ritehings, of the Bonard Opera, are declared bankrupt.

## Found—a Diamond Ring.

I saw it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers heavy-eyes by pudgy trotting, and I stopped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants set in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attributes of the London infantile population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proposition to pursue, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

Found, this evening, Wednesday, in Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19 Winton Place, etc.

Before noon on the following day, I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable looking old gentleman, whose white face and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waiving ceremony, extended his hand, saying: "You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five,) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can undoubtedly describe its armorial bearings."

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring!"

"A plain diamond ring," repeated the old gentleman sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks on me, young man. I will put you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but as the ring in my possession is surely engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, "—but—well—adieu! I must seek farther. Alas! what a melancholy termination of my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but as he turned toward the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs, a look of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady, extensively got-up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies."

With a differential bow at the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country. During our ramble of yesterday a young lady under my charge was so unfortunate as to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring, but—"

"Ah! how grateful my pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloncles. Is it a lion passant or? No, I am wrong. Unfortunately that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection, she will recognize it immediately."

"I fear, madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir!"

"I feel it my duty," I said firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary information."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well, sir. I fancied—yes actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman. You will find, sir, that the lady principal of a female college is not to be misled with impunity. Good morning."

Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from my lady governess when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the rein to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door bell.

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco, "I beg your pardon and all that, but the old woman—dash it! that's my mother—told me I should find my ring here—and so I ordered out the vessel and the cars like a nerved for it."

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was so unfortunate as to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover? dash it! didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold, I've just had 'em shampooed, y'know, naphthaed, and all that."

"What sort of a ring was yours?"

"What sort? Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good!"

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know it's worth a couple of ponies. Come, let's hear the damage, and I'll stump up."

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it? don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the ring, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor would cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swap you any one of these for it, because of governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal. "Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell you in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was very sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats longer in the cold.

Mem.—I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure-trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and am a mild mental calculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy morning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father, to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crease about her dress, on her pale, beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her far other reasons."

"But," I said gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger, unawares; we are alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us; how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and as she turned I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched to the door handle. I couldn't—

"Stop," I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine. I see yet the look of delight overspread her face—features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me and clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring! the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance; such a yearning fondness in her way of fingering it! How pretty she was!

"My dear child," (I am forty-five,) "it gives me sincere pleasure." Then I stammered, then I sprang after her. "At least you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity, mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been penciling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me!"

Certainly I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologise for my heathenish distrust.

How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother, who is all she has in the world, to look upon, if one cannot enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother.

But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open; I read:

"DEAR JACK—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Bonford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside. You know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto, 'Armed at all points.' Verily truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me." FRED VYNING.

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Easton square, to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not to be found. Probably the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even embracing, in rapturous gratitude, over the precious relic of one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

"John Rouse, why wilt thou do so?" This was said by Thomas Hazard, one of New Bedford's substantial Quaker merchants sixty years ago, to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, and that not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, then foolish man? thou always gets caught." "Why, Massa, Hazard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."